

W. P. WALTON.

In dominating our esteemed friend, the talented orator and profound lawyer, Col. William O. Bradley for governor on the republican ticket, we took occasion to refer to his military record in these words: "He was a gallant colonel in the Federal army and having fought with great heroism through four years of bloody war, he is just the man to catch the soldier vote, and give the hero of Fort Donelson, who smelted powder a little himself, a power of fun in the canvass, should he be the democratic nominee." We knew that we were stretching the blanket fearfully, but it sounded pretty and we were willing to do or say most anything to advance the interests of our friend, and consequently did not label it a "joke." Dozens of papers copied the article in good faith and our hero was becoming famous as a mighty warrior, when the *Daaville Advocate* with malice aforethought and evil preposse, endeavors to stem the current of the greatest boom of the century by reproducing our article and adding this hateful comment: "We think our neighbor is somewhat 'off' on the war record of Col. Bradley. Our understanding is that the 'Colonel' did not risk the shedding of any blood in the late 'unpleasantness,' but secured his title on his good looks." Our usually well informed neighbor is himself more than somewhat off. Col. Bradley did risk the shedding of blood, for Smith's history of Kentucky, now before us, says he enlisted at the tender age of 14, careful however to omit for their reference. That justice may be done our friend, who is as pretty as he is brilliant, we are preparing at great cost and inconvenience a true history of his military achievements from the most reliable data obtainable, which we shall publish in due time, and until then we ask the public to hold its breath and not express an opinion in the premises until all the facts are before them.

CLYDE RUSSELL, the young lawyer who seduced his cousin, Fannie Lillian Madison, and then threw her into the reservoir at Richmond, Va., to keep the result of their sin from becoming public, and enable him, it is said, to marry another young lady, paid the penalty with his life Friday. The prominence of the parties, one being a descendant of President Tyler and the other of Mr. Madison, gave the case a wide interest, and it has been the local sensation since the deed was committed in March, 1895. Every effort was made by influential friends to save the neck of the heartless young criminal, but without avail, and he met death, like he had passed through the trying ordeal of a trial, conviction, sentence and subsequent imprisonment, with that stoical indifference that has characterized him from the beginning. Not a tremor escaped him and he refused to confess or deny his guilt to the last. The conviction was entirely on circumstantial evidence, but it was so strong that but little doubt of his guilt could be entertained. He was the only one that could have wished to have the poor girl out of the way, and he either murdered her or she committed suicide and the facts are all against the latter theory. From first to last the case has created even more interest than that of James J. Phillips who was hung a decade or so ago there for the murder of his wife, whose conviction was also on circumstantial evidence. The fact a *Clyde Russell* was permitted to hang shows that the law is still supreme in Virginia. He never would have adorned the gallows in this State on the same testimony.

JACK COX, an eminent citizen of the cozy mountain village of Hazel Green, loved whisky not wisely but too well, but was permanently cured of the pernicious habit of drinking in a few days ago. Some fellow bet him \$50 to a nickel that he could not drink three large tumblers full at one performance. He put up his nickel, put down the whisky and won the bet, but in a few moments he was where liquid bromine heated to a red-hotness is the only beverage, and a lake of fire the only place for ablutions.

JOHN TORIN, who lives near Wabash, Ind., needs to feel the halter draw about as badly as any one we have read of. He beat his wife to insensibility and then laid her on the railroad track for a coming train to finish the work, but she revived in time to crawl off. That he was permitted to live an hour after his capture shows that a little infusion of Kentucky blood would help that locality.

LOGAN's successor in the Senate has been named and it is Charles B. Farwell, a Chicago millionaire, whose principal qualification seems to be in his money. He is a banker by profession and a politician by practice. The nomination was made on the second ballot. The democrats complimented Mr. Morrison with their votes.

THE Covington Commonwealth charges the movement by the politicians in that "neck of the woods" to promote Mr. Carlisle to the Senate to selfish motives. They want him out of the way so that they can get a show for his place in Congress.

WYLLIE TOLLIVER, an uncle of Craig, was killed in Rowan last week by a man named Bradley, in a personal quarrel. It would be a God send to Rowan if Mr. Bradley would continue his work of cleaning out the Tolliver family.

Gen. Hawley has been re-elected Senator by the Connecticut Legislature.

THE President's private secretary tells the correspondent of the *Chenier-Journal* that hardly a change is contemplated at the White House, but that the democratic members of the House and Senate have come there and urged that no change be made. Col. Laymont also states that he is satisfied that many democrats talk otherwise among their friends in regard to the changes and civil service reform, than they do to the President. The correspondent adds: "It is difficult to find words strong enough to characterize this inconsistent and characterless duplicity, and it is in the power of your correspondent by any manner of means to obtain the names of those Janus-faced democrats he will certainly publish them, both friends and enemies, come from what quarter they may." A great many of our alleged great men are simply snakes in the grass and found to be very small potatoes when you go to dig for them. Men guilty of such treachery deserve the most ignominious political death, and we will do what we can to assist in their execution, when their names are revealed.

If Mr. Waterson will turn his attention for a few days from criticizing the President and order his 100,000 Kentuckians, armed this time, to march upon Indianapolis and wipe from the face of the earth the republicans of the Legislature assembled there, who are overriding the will of the majority, justice and fair play, by unseating democratic members without a particle of legal or valid excuse, we promise to read with the fleet company that can be started. In all earnestness the situation in Indiana demands the most heroic treatment and the honest men of the country will applaud any means the democrats may employ to drive the usurpers into jail or obscurity.

REAGAN's Interstate Commerce Bill, which is to cure all the evils of excessive railroad charges and discriminations, in a horn, passed the Senate by 43 to 15. The House will follow suit and then the members will come marching home to prove to their constituents that they weren't afraid to vote against a railroad, even with a couple of dozens of free tickets in their pockets. The bill would look a great deal better if it had a few lines in the section forbidding a greater charge for the short than the long haul, prohibiting members of Congress from being bailed either the long or the short distance except for the cash that other people pay.

PARIS physicians are making some wonderfully successful experiments in hypnotism and proving as perfectly practicable the transmission by magnetism from one person to another of certain nervous phenomena, such as dumbness, paralysis of the legs and arms, violent pains and coxalgia, and the final elimination of the evil from the original sufferer. The dispatch states that the cures seem at first sight to be nothing short of miracles, and certainly they equal in dramatic intensity many cases narrated in the New Testament.

THE democrats of Indiana continue to play the devil. With such worthy men as McDonald, Holman and others from which to choose a Senator, they nominated Judge David Turpie, a pretty good man, but possessing neither the qualifications nor the deserved promotion that the others do. When Mr. Bright was expelled from the U. S. Senate in 1863 Turpie was appointed in his stead and served the remaining 50 days of the term. He is at present U. S. District Attorney.

THE republicans of the Indiana Legislature renominated Senator Harrison and they will elect him, too, no matter how much resistance is required nor how many democratic members it will be necessary to unseat. One thing can be said of the republicans, they always have the courage to execute their plans, devilish and diabolical though they be.

A MICHIGAN woman is obeying a biblical command with a vengeance, that to increase and multiply. Two years ago she gave birth to twins, a year later to triplets and a few days ago she astonished the natives by presenting a litter of four. If they are all boys, and live, some fellow can make big money by employing them as a base ball nine.

AN awful warning to lovers not to kiss comes from Louisville. John Isigert spent the evening with the girl who had promised to become his wife and when he arose to go, indulged in the usual ocularatory performance. As he did so he experienced a choking sensation and falling to the floor, died in a short time.

It is said that the House will refuse to concur in the Senate bill to give Mrs. Logan a \$2,000 pension annually. There is no sense or reason in such a disposal of the public money. Mrs. Logan is no pauper and her husband was not a disabled soldier.

THE Senate Committee has again agreed to report adversely on the nomination of J. C. Matthews, to be register of deeds in the District of Columbia. The Senate is republican and Matthews is a negro. No further comment is necessary.

THE prohibitionists can lead in a prayer of thankfulness. A distillery burned at Terre Haute Saturday and with it a million dollars' worth of whisky.

GEN. BUCKNER is at last officially announced for governor, tho' he has been running for the office like a scared hound for five years.

Last week was bad one for murderers, fully a dozen suffering the death penalty in the United States. Four were swung off from one gallows alone at Fort Smith, Ark.

If the newspapers have any say in the matter, Prof. Pickett will not succeed him as Superintendent of Public Instruction. The South Kentucky's comment is about in keeping with the rest, when it says: "He is utterly unfit for the office he fills. He is old, deaf and incompetent and for eight years has drawn a salary that he did almost nothing to earn. He was nominated because he was in the rebel army and he should by all means be retired this year."

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Mrs. Henry W. Winn died near Bloomington Ill., after fasting 47 days.

—W. M. Cleumet, late general manager of the Cincinnati Southern, is dead.

—The business portion of Lawrence, Kansas, suffered \$200,000 loss by fire.

—Tucker's substitute for the Senate bill to suppress polygamy in Utah has passed the House.

—Judge DeHaven, of LaGrange, has written a card declining to be a candidate for governor.

—The Kansas City Dramatic Company gave an unsatisfactory performance at Tolono, Ill., and were mobbed.

—Chief Justice James Jackson, of Georgia, died at Atlanta last week, aged 67. He served in Congress before the war.

—W. C. Whitthorne, who has relatives in Danville, was chosen U. S. Senator to succeed Judge Jackson, in Tennessee.

—McLean county, this State, was added to the list of "dry" last week, every precinct giving a majority for prohibition.

—Judge Pratt decides that McQuade, the New York boodle alderman, must serve the sentence of seven years and pay the fine of \$5,000.

—The assessed value of property under the new law in Woodford county is \$7,914,035, an increase of nearly two million over last year.

—Thirty thousand pounds of powder exploded in a dry-house at Goose Station, O., causing great damage to property, but no loss of life.

—Madison's assessment is increased some \$3,000,000 by the new law and the total taxable value of the property of the county is \$10,000,000.

—In Bangor, Maine, there are just 140 liquor saloons open. It seems that prohibition does prohibit prohibition, at least.

—A dwelling belonging to Deputy Collector Baldwin, at Nicholasville, and occupied by Jeff Rowland, burned on Friday night; no insurance.

—William Agnew, January 3, killed his wife in their home at Palmyra, N. J., and slept with the body until the crime was discovered on the 14th.

—Frank James, the retired bandit, is in St. Louis seeking employment, failing to secure which, he will engage in a small business on his own account.

—George Hearst has been nominated by the democrats of the California Legislature to be U. S. Senator, but unfortunately a nomination is not exactly equal to an election.

—A fire in the penitentiary at Frankfort destroyed the furniture, broom and shoe departments, the loss on the building and stock being estimated at \$75,000; insurance, \$50,000. None of the convicts escaped.

—Upper Table Rock, on the Canadian side at Niagara Falls, has fallen. Piled up below is a mass of rock 1,000 feet in length, 60 in width and 170 in depth, covered by hundreds of tons of ice, which fell with it.

—In the criminal court in Lawrence county Tom Carter was sentenced to the penitentiary for life as an accomplice in the murder of Foster Marcan. Paul Marcan, who did the killing, has been sentenced to be hung.

—Robert Evans Spruille, an American citizen was hanged in Victoria, B. C., last week, for murder he could not have committed, being many miles away. A brother of Spruille has sued the Province for \$50,000 damages.

—Gen. Wickham told the strikers at Newport News that if they would return to work at old wages he would after three months consider their application for an increase. They went to work and the military was withdrawn.

—At New Boston, Ill., James F. Dougherty shot and killed his sweetheart, Miss Berna Benedict and then put a bullet through his own brain, each of them dying instantly. Both the victims of insane jealousy were highly respected.

—Miss Lucy Stanley, who lives two miles from Evansville, on valuable property of her own, has been chosen to succeed her recently deceased sister, Emma Stanley, as Queen of the Gypsies in the United States. She has gone to the headquarters of the tribe at Dayton, O., to attend the funeral of her sister, after which she will be crowned. She is 19 years old and prepossessing in appearance.

—Isaac Sprague, known as the living skeleton, died in a museum at Chicago last week. The weight of the body was 40 lbs. The result of the autopsy was: Cause of death, pneumonia; cause of singular skeletal appearance, muscular atrophy. The other organs were in a healthy condition. There was a lateral curvature of the spine which was very marked. He had sold his body to Harvard College for \$1,000.

—A year ago Melvin Butler murdered John Macoy; he was tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. His partner in the crime, Skinny Hew, escaped by turning State's evidence. He was yesterday sentenced to the penitentiary for five years for a robbery committed the same night. Butler has never been sent to prison, however, and it is two to one that the robber will begin his punishment before the murderer. This is the way Kentucky justice works. —[Post.]

MT VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—We understand that Gentry Evans was married Sunday.

—This division of the L. & N. ran 21 trains last Friday.

—Rev. Pope, of Knox county, preached at the Christian church Sunday.

—The drawings of the Louisiana lottery will disappoint a number of its patrons at this place.

—Mr. J. L. Hensman, the German gentleman, who advertises to open a German school in Stanford, taught a session at this place last spring and gave general satisfaction to his pupils.

—Wm. Pryor and Miss Lizzie Ward, of Maresburg, this county, were married Thursday. License were issued Saturday to Mr. A. L. Hurst, of Brodhead to wed Miss Susie Harris.

—Miss Alice Lewis is teaching a subscription school at the Cove, near Pleasant Valley. W. R. Cross is teaching one at Pine Hill and Mrs. T. L. Daniels opens one at this place this week.

—The Kansas railroad, of which Mr. L. S. Jones, one of our former citizens, is president, held a meeting in Louisville last week and determined to push the road to completion. The road is to start from some point in Kansas and run to El Paso, Texas. They are backed by New York capitalists and something like a thousand miles of road is to be built.

—Mr. Jno. Bulfinch, a member of the firm of Vaz & Bulfinch, who built the masonry on the K. C. Extension, was here Sunday and informed us that they had the contract for all the masonry on the C. V. Branch from Corbin to Pineville. This firm made many friends among our people while at work on the K. C. and we are glad to know they have succeeded in making money as well as friends in their several contracts since they were with us.

—"Since the grand jury has adjourned a number of the boys have returned," from various chestnut-bang—a prostrate form—an infuriated "return," stands above it with a huge club. After slightly recovering and promising faithfully to do so no more the paragrapher is told to go his way in peace, and was admonished to refrain in the future from referring to the "good hunting in the big woods now." "The fish are biting well" or about digging fish worms in the snow," of course he will not do it again, though it is rather difficult to tell "the same old tale" in a new way court after court, and the paragrapher should have your sympathy in his efforts to keep you posted in the movements of the "boys."

—Circuit court adjourned Friday at 10 o'clock. The attachment suit of J. B. Tre vs. The Nickel Plate Coal Co., at East Bernstadt, brought to this court by change of venue from London, came up before Judge Morrow Wednesday. The attachment was discharged. Johnson, the man who has been in jail some days charged with wife beating, was released, no witnesses appearing. J. K. McClary was appointed Master Commissioner and S. L. Whitehead Trustee of the Jury Fund. The grand jury found about 75 indictments, principally against persons carrying concealed weapons and those selling liquor. The following lawyers not mentioned in last report, were here during the latter part of the week: C. W. Lester, H. F. Finley, Williamsburg; W. G. Welch, Stanford; W. O. Harford, Cran Orenard; R. Bert Cook, Redville; A. L. Barron, Manchester.

—Mrs. C. D. Woods came up from Huntington Friday to see her sister, Mrs. S. W. Parrie. Mrs. S. E. Higgins, their mother, from K. C. is also here. Our young friend, W. E. Smith, of London, has been appointed station foreman at Pine Hill.

—Mr. J. A. Farrell, for some time assistant agent at Pine Hill and recently agent at Lexington, has been assigned to the London office instead of Mr. J. M. Pickett resigned, to go into other business. Mr. Green Moore, who has been living here for last year, returned to his home at Temple, Ga., and writes that he was married last week. Mrs. Rowe and children, of Nashville, arrived here Saturday. T. H. Clay went to the cities Monday. Mr. Walker Fray, of the Danville Tribune, was canvassing for his paper here Thursday. G. W. Hocking has secured a position at Pleasant View as engineer. James R. Cook has returned to law school in Louisville. Charles M. Randall, of London, came down Saturday and returned same day. Dr. Johnstone was called here to day to see Mrs. S. W. Parrie, who has been very low. She is some better at this writing. Frank P. Kirby has returned from a trip to Garrard, and Andrew Baker after a brief visit to Stanford.

POULTRY VERSUS BEEF.—To bring an ox to a weight of 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, fit for the butcher, requires four years or longer in the point of time. The beef will pay 5 or 6 per cent. upon cost of food and outlay—never over 8 per cent. If bred in the Eastern States. In six months from the shell the same value in poultry—say \$100 to \$125—can be produced, grown and marketed, at one third the cost for feeding and investment. [Poultry World.]

An inquiry, addressed to the postmaster of a town in Kansas, brings back the startling reply: "There is not a church nor a church member in our town." Think of it! A whole community in the heart of our christian land, so entirely unrescued by the gospel, that not one person called by the christian name can be found in it! Here certainly is a field for somebody to cultivate. —[The Interior.]

Negroes who are political hoodlums, who vote for pay and sell their race for the value of a glass of beer, and whose latest breath is falsehood, may hope to profit by being slaves to a set of men who hoodlize them, but they will find that it won't pay. —[American Baptist (Colored).]

T. R. WALTON,

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CONFECTIONS, TOBAC-COS, &C., &C.

Cor. Main and Somerset Streets, Stanford, Ky.

The following Seasonable Goods are in Stock:

Citron, Layer and Seedless Raisins, Currants, Figs, Prunes, Mince Meat, Macaroni, Cheese, Oat Meal, Hominy, Beans, Krout, Honey, Butter and Soda Crackers, and Canned Goods in Great Variety

In addition to the above he has all the

NECESSARIES OF LIFE,

All of which are as good, and perhaps a little better, than can be found anywhere else.

MARK HARDIN, Late of Monticello, Clerk.

Penny & M'Alister PHARMACISTS.

Drugs, Books, Stationery and Fancy Articles.

Physicians' prescriptions accurately compounded.

JEWELERS.

The Largest Stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

Over bought to this market. Prices lower than the lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

OLIVER PLOWS.



W. H. HIGGINS

Is still selling the old reliable OLIVER, and also has an improvement that is destined to make it much more popular than it has ever been.

Don't buy a pump until you see the BUCKET ELEVATOR, and for cutting boxes buy the SECTION CUTTER. JEWEL and ECONOMIST RANGES, NEW ARIZONA COOK STOVES, &c.

Also a general line of Hardware, Groceries, Salt, Lime, Cement Flue tilting, &c.

W. B. MCKINNEY, AUGUST WELDINGER, Stationers.

Wall Paper,

Furniture,

Cases, Caskets, Robes.

Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.

B. K. WEAREN, Stanford.



A BEAUTIFUL EAR.

SINGULAR CASE OF A PATHETIC OUTGROWTH OF SENSIBILITY.

Story Told to an Expert in Nervous Affections—A Particularly Hideous Pair of Ears—A Sort of Holy Grail Quest.

I heard of a pathetic outgrowth of nervous sensibility the other day. A professional man who lives at the West End, and who is not only a painfully self-conscious man, but also one given to observing things about him with great minuteness, has become so acutely susceptible to the essential ugliness of the human ear that he scarcely sees anything else in the people about him than their ears. To a physician, an expert in nervous affections, whom he was wise enough to consult, this gentleman told his story somewhat after this fashion: "It was as many as five or six years ago that the sight of a particularly hideous pair of ears, one of which had been left in a ghastly manner in some accident or fight, set me to reflecting on the extraordinary caprice of Providence in setting, in the most conspicuous place upon the head of its curious earthly creatures, such utterly absurd and unaccountable convolutions as human ears. The ear is useful, no doubt, but might not an infirmity of the ear be a more useful choice than the present one? I have provided man with an auditory apparatus less hideous than this convoluted excrescence."

STUDYING IT UP.

"I was led to ask myself, is there any such thing as a beautiful human ear? I looked up all the passages in poetic literature in which the human ear is referred to, and found not only that such passages are extremely few, but that the beauty referred to—all the comparisons, of delicate, pink edged, feminine to the translucent luster of sea shells, and the like, are simply comparative. No poet ever thought, so far as I could find, of finding absolute beauty in the ear. It is only as a pendant or an accompaniment, less hideous than usual, to the beautiful head and face of a lovely woman, that the actual ear itself, as apart from the faculty of hearing, ever becomes tolerable in poetry. In art the ear is a thing to be dissimulated; no realist was ever so unblushing as faithfully to paint the ear as it is. Photography reveals it in all its ugliness; but poetry bears the ear, not to see that the dissection of the body does to the love of humanity."

"The running of these through my mind led me to start a sort of Holy Grail quest for a really beautiful human ear, and at the same time I found myself searching out, whenever I got upon a street car or a railway train, and as I walked down the crowded streets, all the ugliest ears, with the instinctive eagerness of a connoisseur. The ear habit grew upon me. I became a sort of collector of ears. When I came to a railway train filled with people, my eye ran down the long rows of ears next to the aisle to see whether there was a vacancy in the devious lines that I might fill with my own. That row of ears, to a man who had fallen into the habit of observing nothing else but the ears, was horribly suggestive of a sea serpent."

NOTHING BUT EARS, EARS, EARS.

"I say that all this began five or six years ago; but, of course, my mania—for such it has become—did not all at once take this serious form. It has been a gradual growth. Now I find it threatening, perhaps not my mental balance, for I feel as able of maintaining that, but my peace of mind is certainly, and all my old sensibility to the beauty of the human form and the loveliness of life itself, as my old keen sense of the beautiful I have, as a fallen angel might lament the joys of paradise. For me there is nothing in the world but ears, ears, ears. The pleasure that I sometimes feel in meeting a specimen less hideous than the rest does not repay me for the offense which the uniform dead level of ill-shaped growth inflicts upon me; and I am resolved, if medical science can do anything for so strange a malady, to take the utmost possible advantage of it. It could so influence my organs of sight as to make it impossible for me ever again to see the human ear at all, it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished."

I understand that the eminent physician consulted in this case was completely nonplussed for a time, but has at last succeeded in so influencing the sufferer's thoughts and attention by diverting them to other channels that he is already somewhat less poignantly conscious of the ears he sees; that the doctor is, in fact, fighting the old mania with a new one, and intends to check the new before it, in its turn, shall take possession of the patient, as did the other. The case, I have no doubt, will suggest to more than one reader something of a similar sort in his knowledge or experience. It is only one of many morbid outgrowths of the keen consciousness, the rawness of sensibility that overwork and intense mental strain have superinduced.—Boston Post.

Support of Home Artists.

One artist said that the dealers did more in foreign pictures in a day in actual money than the studios with their scores of artists in a month. There is no more conclusive proof that support is lacking than is found in the fact that young artists just now are compelled to neglect their serious work and do what they can of an ephemeral or business-like character in order to meet their actual bread and butter bills. The rent has to be paid, even if customers do not come, dinner has to be bought and tobacco must be had. So if the great picture on the easel cannot be sold for \$1,000, why immediately must be done which will sell immediately for \$10. And so these young fellows get into all kinds of pectoral work.

A sculptor in the city here, who has done two or three notable pieces of work, supported himself and his family during the time he was laboring on what is now a favorite work with the public by drawing designs for theatrical posters. He made no secret about it, and said simply that he could make more money in a shorter time by this work than by any other. He had done other theatrical work. He had gotten up dainty drawings for souvenir books and illustrations for special programmes, but none of them was so profitable as taking a piece of charcoal and with a few sweeping strokes picturing forth the thrilling climax of a melodramatic play, with the heroine in the arms of the hero and the villain properly and artistically foiled. Book and magazine illustration is another way in which artists who are skillful draughtsmen earn quick money. Some of them have done so well at it that they give now nearly all their time to it and are employed and depend on for this work by the book and magazine publishers.—New York Mail and Express.

A Locomotive Fireman's Work.

"I don't know of a harder worked man than the locomotive fireman," said an old engineer.

The average man thinks that all the fireman has to do is to stick in the coal and occasionally throw in a stick of wood or a shovel of coal. The truth is that from the time the fireman leaves his cot going down until he reaches the end of his run it is almost a constant struggle to keep up steam.—Arkansas Traveler.

THE SONG HE NEVER WROTE.

His thoughts were song, his life was singing; Men's hearts like harps he held and smote, But in his heart went ever ringing, Ringing, the song he never wrote.

Hovering, pausing, luring, beating, A farther hint, a brighter note, The vanished sound of swift winds meeting, The opal swept beneath the boat.

A gleam of wings forever flaring, Never folded in nest or cot; Secrets of joy, past name or naming; Measure of bliss, past deed or rote;

Echoes of music, always flying, Always so, never the note; Pulse of life, past life, past dying— All these in the song he never wrote.

Dead at last, and the people, weeping, Turned from his grave with wringing hands— "What shall we do, now he lies sleeping, His sweet song silent in our hands?"

"Just as his voice grew clearer, stronger"— This was the thought that keenest smote—"O Death! couldst thou not spare him longer? Alas, for the song he never wrote!"

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

POETS OF ONE POEM.

Wolf, Gray, Woodworth, and Payne remembered for a Single Poem.

An interesting list might be made of single poem poets, and an instructive essay be written on their lives and works. Single Speech has been made many speeches, though but one has become famous. And Charles Wolf wrote more than the "Burial of Sir John Moore," yet this one poem will be always remembered. So, too, George Withers' "Shall I Wasting in Despair" is only the best known of a large number of poems—some of them quite aside from it, from a critical point of view, perhaps superior. Shirley would hardly be remembered by general readers but for his fine ode, "The Glories of Our Blood and State." Thomas, of Celano, would be forgotten but for "Desires," and those great national hymns, the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Wacht am Rhein," the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the Queen," may be accounted famous works of single poem poets.

Many people who talk of Ben Jonson would be puzzled to quote a single line except from his "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"; and, though Waller's name is so well known, he is more often recognized as the writer of the lines on a girl than on account of anything else. Thomson's "Kite Britannia" has earned him more fame than his "Seasons" or his epitaph on Newton; and more people know Gray's "Elegy" than have ever read his "Odes." Samuel Woodworth wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket," but who wrote "Ben Bolt" and "The Old Contender"? It is but seldom that one writer is fortunate enough to produce two such well known pieces as Campbell's "Hobdinden" and "Ye Mariners of England"; while Dittin, though he wrote so much that once was popular, would be almost forgotten now but for "Tom Bowling." Such a list might be greatly prolonged. Lady Ann Lyndsay's "Auld Robin Gray," William Spenser's "Death of Geier," and Gay's "How Happy Could I Be With Either," might all be cited, and many more; but enough has been said to show how little even the best critics can judge of a poet's powers by a single specimen, and how much accident, if it can so be termed, of one happy line or one good melody may have to do with the fame of a writer who would otherwise be unknown. These remarks apply with greater force to song writers than to any other variety. A good first line often makes a song, and still more a good tune, without which, indeed, it would not be a song at all. John Howard Payne only wrote the words, not the melody, of "Home, Sweet Home."—Henry Waterson in Courier-Journal.

Energetic Russell Sage.

If there is a man in New York who is propelled by steam it is Russell Sage. When he steps out of his office upon the street he goes shooting up, down or across Broadway as if driven by an unseen and uneasy power. No one ever saw Mr. Sage quiet unless when asleep, and even then he is probably twisting and jerking like an eel. At his office he receives a call with mechanical exactness, mechanically and worked at a rapid rate, and unless the visitor puts in his time with much celerity it makes Mr. Sage crawl all over with apprehension that a second will be lost. He never sits still in a chair—in truth, he prefers to stand.

There is probably no more miserable man in New York than Mr. Sage on the witness stand. When he had to swear in the elevated railroad cases he settled into his chair as if the hand of fate had struck him; he held on to himself as if he were about to fly from his body, and when he was released he grabbed his hat, shot out of the court room and was on his way to his office as if pursued by the Evil One. Mr. Sage takes the elevated up from his office after business hours, walks pell mell from the Forty-second street station into Forty-third street, jumps into his carriage and is whirled into the street in a jiffy and off through the park. When he can't keep in motion any other way he twitches his facial muscles and nervously works his hands.—New York Tribune.

A Union Story.

A youngster of the female sex had just commenced her school life. She found herself one day in a little group of other school children who were further advanced than she was. They were telling each other what books they were "in" in school and making as much as they could out of the subject. She could not stand it. Even to her infantile mind the meaner position she held in that company was clear. But she did not mean to be quite out of the discussion. So she took advantage of a pause in the talk and burst in with her list:

"I'm in a primer and a slate and a pencil and a sponge!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Professor Morse's First Lecture.

I remember hearing Professor Morse deliver his first lecture on telegraphy. It was in a small schoolhouse in a country town in Pennsylvania. He had an assistant with him and they arranged a wire around the room, and, sitting a few yards apart, communicated to each other what was dictated by any one of the audience. No one believed it to be anything but a hoax, and we all laughed at the idea of talking over a wire as Mr. Morse explained.—Steamboat Inspector in Globe-Democrat.

Ought to Draw the Line.

Since they have introduced "Lullaby" into "The Chimes of Normandy" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee" into "Faust," and "The Last Rose of Summer" into the "Mikado," it's pretty hard to tell whether you are attending a nursery, a prayer meeting, singing school or an opera. They ought to draw the line somewhere.—The Living Church.

Mark Twain Explains.

Mark Twain explains why he does not like to come to New York with his wife. "She is very anxious to have every one think she dresses like a New Yorker," he says, "and yet whenever she buys anything in a store in this city the clerk is sure to ask: 'What hotel shall I send this to, ma'am?'"

Beated nuchage is a new thing in polite stationery.

FROM THE ASIAN SEA.

PECULIARITIES OF THE MALAYS WHO LIVE IN NEW YORK.

Gregariousness of the Colony in Their Various Relations of Life—Amusement of Turtle Fighting—Gambling—Matrimony—Boasting House—Religion.

So far as the western world is concerned the Malay is a sea nomad. Those who have settled in New York came there as seamen, who intended to return by the same ship, but who by accident or other cause were obliged to remain until they were more or less attached to their new home. In the years they have grown by accretion until they form a legitimate colony similar to those of the Chinese, the Indians and the Poles. This colony rises and falls in number according to the nationality of foreign seamen in port. It never falls below 300, and sometimes rises as high as 1,500. The Malay, contrary to popular belief, is not a pure blooded race, so far as the New York representatives are concerned. A leading man in the Sixth ward, Nik de la Cruz, has the blood of a Fado, a round face, more like a German's than of any other nationality, a warm sea complexion, long blue black hair that breaks in heavy curls upon his shoulders, and the physiognomy of an ideal philanthropist. Min Goo, who is equally popular in Oriental circles, and who has a queer gambling house in Mott street, is thin, wiry, fierce featured, straight haired, yellow skinned and cat like in ways and actions. Malaba, a third, is almost European in his physiognomy, but as dark as a Louisiana negro in hair and skin. These differences are, perhaps, attributable to the fact that most of those in the metropolis come from Manila and other Malay seaports, where from time immemorial there has been a constant intermixture of all the Oriental races.

GREGARIOUSNESS—AMUSEMENTS.

Like all the eastern people, they are inebriated to the practices made useful by a dense population. No matter where they are they crowd together. It is not uncommon for fifteen or twenty to sleep together in a room of 12 by 20 dimensions. In conversation they squat or stand together till almost all engaged are in personal contact. When they visit a liquor saloon or one of the dance halls so common in the lower wards, they go in to fight or to fight or to fight. The gregariousness extends to almost all the relations of life, and in some Malaysian communities enters the marital relation, producing that singular custom, polyandry.

Their amusements are few and simple. The most remarkable of these is turtle fighting. Two snapping turtles are carefully selected and trained. The best for sporting purposes are those that weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds apiece. Lighter ones are immature and not so muscular. Heavier ones are lazy, slow and less vindictive. The training consists in teaching them three times a day with a bamboo rod and allowing them to hang from this by the hour after they once take hold. The only diet is raw meat and red pepper, even water being tabooed. The day before the fight the teeth and jaws are examined, overhauled, filed and scraped till they resemble knife edges.

The fight is conducted in a small ring not more than a yard in diameter. The snappers are produced and washed and each tasted by the seconds of the other. This is done to prevent cowardice or poisonous drugs being placed upon the snappers' points, which they may enter the mouth, nose and eyes of the opposite antagonist. They are then irritated in the usual style with a sharp rod until nearly frenzied, and then placed in the center of the ring. There is neither wait nor running away. Each snapper at the other simultaneously. The best hold is an oblique hold. This enables the one that catches to reach the carotid artery and the windpipe without being compelled to bite through the massive cartilages of the neck. Next to this is a straight neck hold, in which the two jaws strike against the top and bottom of the snappers' heads. In the third hold, in which the jaws strike against the two sides of the neck. Poorer of all is the leg hold. This is regarded by all Oriental sports as the acme of unintelligence, because if both the snappers take leg holds the fight is lengthened out interminably. The combat is to the death—one of the turtles always being killed and frequently both.

GAMBLING—MARRIAGE—RELIGION.

The Malays, like the Chinese are great gamblers. Their favorite games for which we have no name in English, suggest (and a few resemble) faro, lottery, roulette, odd and even, dominoes and dice. Many of them have learned the American national game and draw and bluff with the same freedom of spirit as a Yankee. In the home life they have made in the new world the Malays are industrious, affectionate and domestic. When they marry they pick out if possible a German woman, next to her a daughter of Erin, then a lady of color, and last of all an American. Why they prefer this order has never been ascertained. Nik de la Cruz is married to a German widow who speaks but little English and he speaks even less German. When asked why he married her he said: "German women are not pretty, but they never get drunk, they don't fight, they work hard; they're good housekeepers, and they have lots of children." When married they herd together the same as when single. A typical boarding house in "Baxter Street Bend" is a compartment on the ground floor, about fourteen feet wide by seventy long broken up by partitions into six rooms. Of these the front room is the office and store. The next, a compartment fourteen by twenty feet, is the living and sleeping place of the boarders, who vary from one to twenty in number. In the third room Nik de la Cruz and his wife and children, in the fourth his larger children. The fifth is dining room and kitchen combined. The sixth and last is the store room. Such a place costs from \$55 to \$70 a month rent and net its proprietor about \$1,000 per annum.

The Malays have been taught so many religions that they may be truthfully said to have none. Missionaries and zealous from the Buddhist, Mohammedan, Roman Catholic and Confucian faiths are found in every town and hamlet of Malaysia. They out-number Protestants, who are not to be counted in any country. It contains the names of all pointesses and titles of every invention patented in the United States and additional copies of all new patents. The advantage of such a notice every patentee understands.

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O. L. RICHARD,
President Lincoln Land Co.
New York, Dec. 11, 1885.

STRAY STEER!

There came to my farm near Hustonville a roan steer with one horn dropped, about the 15th of October. The owner can get him by calling and paying property and no fee. See me at Hustonville, Ky.

J. B. McKINNEY,
McKinney, Ky.

Following is the appraisal before the Neg-

personally appeared before me, a Justice of the Peace, J. B. McKinney and G. H. Glover and made oath that the steer was his, and has been examined by them and they fix its value at \$25.

JOHN BAILEY, J. P. L. C.

INFORMATION

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1831 THE CULTIVATOR 1887

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